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JEALOUSY.

And, tell me not, as love is true,
Sweetheart, you have no other lover;
Since, nightly, when I come to woo,
I see him near you slyly hover.

When autumn fires blaze and flare,
Or when the summer moonlight's mellow,
He loves to linger near your chair;
He is a most persistent fellow!

And then a dreamy, tender look
Grows in your eyes—a mute confession;
Your head droops, pensive, o'er your book;
I sigh, but leave you with discretion.

I know he comes to take my place;
I've stayed too late—a stupid blunder!
To greet his kiss you turn your face,
And I am jealous. Do you wonder?

There, do not pout and feign surprise,
Nor scoff at jealous lovers lightly.
'Tis sleep, enamored of your eyes,
Who wooes you, little sweetheart, nightly!
—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

HIS MOTHER.

A Devoted Son and a Sensible Sweetheart.

The cold-gray shadows of the wintry twilight had enveloped tree and meadow and sluggish forest streams in their uncertain mist, and factory chimneys flung their fiery banners of smoke against the leaden sky, a basso relievo that would have made Rembrandt himself rejoice, and the hum of never-ceasing machinery in the little town rose above the rush of the river, like the buzz of a gigantic insect.

Charles Emery, the day foreman in the rolling-mills, was just retiring to his home, having been relieved by John Elter, the night official, and as he walked along, his feet sounding crisply on the hard-frozen earth, he whistled softly to himself, as light-hearted as a bird.

"You're going with us to-night, Charley?" cried a gay voice, and two or three young men came by.

"Do you mean—!"

"I mean to the opera!"

For upon that especial evening there was to be an opera in the little town of Crystalton, a genuine New York company with a chorus, a full orchestra and all the paraphernalia of scenery and costume which provincial residents so seldom enjoy, and the younger population were on the qui vive of delighted expectation.

"I am going," said Mr. Emery, slowly, "but not with you!"

"But you will change your mind, though," said Harrison Vail, "when you hear that Kate Marcy is to be of the party. Kate Marcy and the Miss Hallowells and Fanny Hewitt. There are eight of us going. We've kept a seat on purpose for you."

"I have engaged myself to another lady," Emery replied, after a second or so of hesitation.

Vail laughed.

"Well, I'm sorry for it," said he, "but Miss Marcy is not a girl who need pine for a cavalier. We'll keep the seat for you until a quarter of eight, in case you should see fit to change your mind. Only let me give you a word of warning, old fellow! Kate Marcy is a high-spirited girl; it won't do to trifle too much with her!"

Charles Emery went on his way rather graver and more self-absorbed. He had asked his mother the day before to go to see "The Mascot," and his mother's eyes had brightened with genuine delight.

"Your father often used to take me, Charley," she said, "when we were young people and lived in New York. But it's twenty years and more since I have been to an opera. And if you're quite sure, dear that there is no young girl whom you would rather take—"

"As if any young girl in the world could be to me what my own darling little mother is!" replied Emery, smiling across the table to her.

"Then I shall be so delighted to go," said Mrs. Emery.

And her voice and eyes bore happy witness to the truth of her words.

But now that a regular party had been organized, and Kate Marcy had promised to join it, things looked very differently to the young man. For a moment he almost regretted that he had engaged himself to take his mother.

"She would be as well pleased with any concert," he said to himself, "and I should have the opportunity of sitting all the evening next to Kate Marcy. I'll ask her to let me off this time. She won't care."

When he went into the little sitting-room of their humble domain, and saw his mother, with her silver-gray hair rolled into puffs on either side of her almost unwrinkled brow, her best black silk donned, and the one opal brooch which she owned pinned into the white lace folds at her bosom, his heart misgave him.

"I have been trimming my bonnet over with some violet-velvet flowers," said she, smiling, "so as to do you no discredit, Charley; and I have a new pair of violet kid gloves. And now you must drink your tea. I've made some of your favorite cream biscuit, and the kettle is nearly at the boil. Oh, Charley, you'll laugh at me, I'm afraid, but I feel exactly like a little girl going to her first children's party. It's so seldom, you know, that a bit of pleasure comes in my way!"

And then Charles Emery made up his mind that his mother was more to him, in her helpless old age and sweet, affectionate dependence, than any blooming damsel whose eyes shone like stars and whose cheeks rivaled the September peach.

"Going with some one else!" said Kate Marcy, rather surprised and not exactly pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the belle of Crystalton, and rather an heiress in her own right, with all the rest. She certainly liked Charles Emery, and she rather surmised that he liked her also. And when she had been studying up her toilet for the opera, she had selected a blue dress, with blue corn flowers for her hair and ornaments of turquoise, because she had once heard Mr. Emery say that blue was his favorite color.

"Going with some one else?" she repeated. "Well, of course he has a right to suit himself."

And she kept within her own soul the fevered fire of girlish resentment, the gnawing pangs of jealousy that disturbed her all the while that she was sitting waiting for the great green curtain to be drawn up.

Until, of a sudden, there was a slight bustle on the row of seats beyond, and Mr. Emery entered with his mother.

And then Kate's overgloomed face grew bright again. She drew a long breath of relief and turned to the stage; it was as if the myriad gas lights had all of a sudden been turned up; as if all the mimic world of the opera house had grown radiant.

Never was voice sweeter in her ears than the somewhat thin and exhausted warble of Mlle. Rosalie de Vigue, the prima donna; never did scenery glow with such natural tints or footlights shine more softly. Kate Marcy declared that the opera was "perfection!"

"Yes, but," said pert little Nina Cummings, "do look at Charley Emery, with that little old woman! Why couldn't he have come to sit with us!"

Kate bit her lip. In the crowd now surging out of the aisles of the little opera house she could scarcely venture to express her entire opinion; but she said, in a low, earnest tone:

"I don't know what you think of it, Nina, but I, for my part, respect Mr. Emery a thousand times more for his politeness to his mother."

And, almost at the same second, she found herself looking directly into Charles Emery's eyes.

For a moment only. The crowd separated them, almost ere they could recognize one another; but Kate felt sure—and her cheek glowed vivid scarlet at the certainty—that he had heard her words.

"Charley," said little Mrs. Emery, looking in her son's face, as they emerged into the veil of softly falling snow, which seemed to enwrap the whole outer world in dim, dazzling mystery, "who was that girl?"

"What girl, mother?" with a little pardonable hypocrisy.

"The one, Charley, with the big blue eyes, and the sweet face, wrapped in a white, fleecy sort of hood—the one who said she respected you?"

"It was Kate Marcy, mother."

"She has a face like an angel," said Mrs. Emery, softly.

The next day the foreman of the rolling-mills went boldly to the old Marcy homestead, whose red-brick gables, sheeted over with ivy, rose up out of the leafless elms and beeches, just beyond the noise and stir of busy Crystalton.

"Miss Marcy," he declared, "without intending to be an eavesdropper, I heard what you said last night."

"It was not meant for your ears, Mr. Emery," said Kate, coloring a soft rosy pink.

"But," he pursued, looking her full in the face, "I cannot be satisfied with mere cold respect, Miss Marcy. I want a warmer, tenderer feeling toward myself. If you could teach yourself to *love* me—"

The dimples came out around Kate Marcy's coral-red lips, wreathing her smile in wondrous beauty.

"The lesson is already learned, Mr. Emery," said she. "I *do* love you. I have loved you for a long time."

And the foreman of the rolling-mills went home, envying neither king nor prince that day.

"But I never should have loved you so dearly," his young wife told him afterward, "if you hadn't been so good to that dear little mother of yours. In my eyes you never looked half so handsome as when you stood bending over her gray head, in the crowded hall of the opera house that night."

"You see," said Emery, laughing at her enthusiasm, "I agreed with the hero of the old Scotch ballad:

"'Sweethearts I may get many a one,
But of mithers ne'er another.'"

—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE MANUFACTURE OF MEAT.

Excessive Fatness in the Meat Product of the United States.

Meat is a manufactured product for which a large amount of raw material is required. The manufacture of meat is a process of transforming the vegetable protein, fats, and carbohydrates of grass, grain into the animal protein and fat of beef, pork and mutton. The same principle applies in the production of milk, eggs and other animal foods. In the most economical feeding of animals it takes a number of pounds of hay or corn to make a pound of beef or pork. In other words, let the farmer make animal protein and fat from vegetable materials in the best way he can, and still he must consume a large quantity of soil product to produce a small amount of animal food. Hence animal foods are costlier than vegetable. This is the simple explanation of the fact that in most parts of the world meat is the food of only the well to do while the poor live almost entirely on vegetable food. Thus ordinary people in Europe eat but little meat, and in India and China they have none at all. It is hard enough for them to get the nutriment they need in vegetable forms. Meats they cannot afford.

But meat making in the United States to-day is far more wasteful than it need be, on account of the excessive fatness of our meats. This comes about very naturally. We have a great excess of soil product in the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi and on the ranches of the west. At present the pork maker and the ranchmen convert a large portion of this into very fat meat. The pork producers of the great corn growing states select the breeds of swine which, as they say, "will take the most corn to market," and have thus got into the way of growing animals that are little else than masses of fat. The beef-growers of the western ranches, and those in the east as well, produce excessively fat meat. Part of the fat is trimmed out of the meat by the butcher, part is left on our plates at the table to go to the soap man or garbage barrel, and part is eaten. Unfortunately very many of us eat much more than fat, both in meat and butter, than is needed for nourishment, and thus do injury to our health.—Century.

FIREFLIES AND GLOWWORMS.

Wonderful Little Light Givers of the Insect World.

Fireflies have been put and are even to this day applied to some curious uses. In San Domingo and other West India islands they are employed for lighting purposes, being confined in lanterns, both for going about the country at night and illumination of dwellings. By attaching one of them to each foot while traveling in the darkness they serve as a guide to the path. They are also utilized in Cuba and elsewhere for ornaments, wherewith the gowns and coiffures of ladies are adorned on festive occasions. One can read by the light which a few of these insects give. One point that may be urged in behalf of these fireflies is that they kill mosquitoes, finding in the latter their favorite prey.

The ancients were probably unacquainted with the species of fireflies which are so familiar to the country, because the most remarkable of these are peculiar to America. The great lantern-flies of southern Europe and Asia, which are sometimes called "flying glow-worms," are allied to the boat-flies and water scropions. On the other hand, the fireflies of the tropics are beetles. The latter are of somber hue in the daytime, and it is only at nights that they show their lights.

The English glow-worm is the wingless female of a winged beetle. Some suppose that the light she bears is bestowed for her protection to scare away the nightingale and other nocturnal birds. Others, however, believe that the gift of brightness is the very lure by which her foes are assisted to discover and devour her. Much speculation has been indulged in as to the nature of the glow-worm's light, which is not put out by water nor seemingly capable of giving forth any heat. It has been asserted that the light-diffusing substance contained phosphorus, but this has never been proved. Certainly it is incapable of communicating ignition to anything.

Least attractive among the insects which give light are the so-called "electric centipedes"—black crawlers with many legs, which have been likened to serpents' skeletons in miniature. They move in snakelike fashion, forward or backward, leaving behind them a bright track of phosphoric light. However, they are most accustomed to appear in the day-time when the illumination they afford is not visible.—Washington Star.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

A Brief Sketch of His Political Career and Character.

Martin Van Buren, our eighth president, was born at Kinderhook, Columbia county, N. Y. His family were among the early Dutch settlers, but not among the most fortunate, for both Martin's father and grandfather were small farmers in very humble circumstances. He obtained some education at the village school, and at the age of fourteen began the study of law, and when only eighteen he represented the republicans in the congressional convention of his district. He began the practice of law in his twenty-first year, and married Miss Hannah Hoes in his twenty-third. Two years after he had his first party reward from the republicans, and was made surrogate of Columbia county in 1808. In 1815 he was attorney-general of the state. He took up his residence in Albany, and went into partnership with his pupil, Benjamin F. Butler. In the great question of the time, the admission of Wisconsin into the union, Mr. Van Buren was one of the prominent men who insisted most warmly on the prohibition of slavery. In 1821 he was elected to the United States senate, and re-elected in 1827. The following year he was made governor of New York, and the very next year he was called by Andrew Jackson to be secretary of state. When Jackson retired, Van Buren succeeded him in the presidential chair. This presidency began March 4, 1837. In the elections of 1840 and 1844 he was defeated as the candidate for his party. In 1848 he appeared again as the candidate of the free soil party, but he did not receive the electoral vote of a single state. After this his life was spent in travel and retirement. He died on the 24th of July, 1862, when the storm of civil war was shaking the nation to its foundation. His character was remarkable for its serenity. The masses accepted him as a leader, but never worshiped him as a hero; nor did he ever inspire the enthusiasm that Andrew Jackson did. As you saw him once he was always seen—polite, self-possessed, dressing well, living well and fond of the society of literary men. —Detroit Free Press.

His Day Off.

"I don't often treat myself to a holiday," said a young business-man to a friend, "but my wife kept teasing me to take a day off, so yesterday I staid at home."

"That must have been pleasant," responded his friend; "feel rested, I suppose?"

"Not much! The girl left and I had to help my wife. I took the screens out of all the doors and windows, washed the windows, shook the dining-room rugs, burned the leaves in the front yard, dug up the house-plants and potted them in the cellar, carried in ton of coal and a load of kindling, chopped the tomatoes for my wife's piccallili, and the rest of the time took care of the baby. No. I can't say that I feel rested."—Detroit Free Press.

Setting Himself Straight.

"Oh, by the way, Lord Duckleton, it's rather odd, but your name doesnot appear in Burke."

"Ah, I know that, Mrs. Van Cash! But I assure you that the omission makes no difference with my actual standing. Burke was very impudent to me on one occasion, and I was forced to—eh—to kick him out of my house. This is his revenge."—Puck.

Practice Made Perfect.

Minnie—Why, you have proposed to three other girls this week, I hear.

Jack—Yes, but I didn't care for them. Did it just to get my hand in, you know.—Judge.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are students from fifteen foreign countries at Yale.

—It was through the influence of Bishop Phillips that the Salvation Army was allowed to parade the streets of Boston with music.

—Ten of the fourteen members of the faculty of the State Industrial and Normal School for Girls, just opened at Milledgeville, Ga., are women.

—Smith college started sixteen years ago with twelve pupils. It has graduated eight hundred young women and has five hundred and seventy on its rolls.

—Boston university has received from the late Lorley D. Paddock a bequest of $30,000, which will be devoted to several scholarships open alike to young men and young women.

—The missionary work of the Greek church is very successful in Japan. According to the latest reports of the St. Petersburg synod there are at present 19,000 converts to the faith of that church in Japan.

—Dr. Puget, the new dean of Christ Church college at Oxford, is only forty, a very young man to hold such a position in England. He is a churchman of long and excellent standing, a favorite of both Salisbury and Gladstone.

—The Evangelization society for South America is a new society just formed in connection with the Y. M. C. A. missionary bureau in London. The occasion of its foundation is a large gift to the bureau for the evangelization of Indian tribes in Brazil, Peru and Bolivia.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

—Rev. J. J. Taylor mentions several encouraging features about missionary work in Brazil. 1. Religious toleration is guaranteed all over the land. 2. The people are growing more willing to hear the Gospel. 3. There is a forward movement to accept the truths of the Bible. 4. His own mission in Rio Janeiro has a membership of fifty-one, with recent additions by baptism. A church home is very much needed.

—The red hat was first bestowed upon the cardinals by Leo IV. at the council of Lyons, in 1245. It is probable that as red was in the middle ages a royal color, worn by kings and members of royal families, hats and gowns of this color were bestowed on cardinals to indicate that henceforth they would rank with kings and princes. A cardinal is popularly styled a prince of the church, and in medieval times the pope's legate often took precedence even of royalty.

—At the landing place in New York over 5,000,000 of foreigners have entered during the past nine years. These are met, so far as Baptists are concerned, by one minister and two lady missionaries, who are able to work in six different languages. There have given a Christian greeting to 12,000 persons of their own faith, and with kind advice sent them to the churches where they enjoy the blessings of Christian fellowship and of a spiritual home.

SOME ONE FROM HOME.

An Occasion Where Genuine Sentiment Left Pride Far Behind.

I had been away from home a long time, almost three years, and during all that period not one familiar face had I seen. One day recently as I stood on the corner at Madison and La Salle streets waiting for the long line of vehicles to pass on I caught a glimpse of a face not far distant that brought a thrill to my heart; it was the face of a man from home. Instantly thoughts of decorum took flight, and, rushing forward, I caught one of the large, dirty hands in mine and exclaimed joyfully:

"Jake Potter, how are you? When did you leave home?"

He shuffled around rather uneasily, from one foot to the other, and stammered something, I couldn't understand what it was.

"Don't you know me?" I queried. "You used to see me often in Lakeville several years ago."

"Yes, I know you," he answered, "but ain't you ashamed to speak to the likes o' me here on the street? Folks'll think kind o' queer of it, for I look purty tough, you know."

Poor Jake! He didn't look very prepossessing, to be sure. His clothes were dirty and torn, and "tramp" seemed indelibly stamped upon him, for he was one of those lazy, reckless fellows that drift here and there as luck may choose to take them. But at that time all his defects were forgotten, and he seemed to me a veritable prince. So, not heeding the amused smiles of the bystanders, I listened eagerly while he told me "the news" in Lakeville, which he had left a month before. I pressed his hand again at parting, and went away with that unconquerable homesick feeling somewhat lessened, because, although he was only a "tramp," I had seen somebody from home.—Chicago Tribune.

RINGS FOR FAIR FINGERS.

Latest Fashions in Jewels for Girls Who Can Afford Them.

Well, crescents and triple crescents are quite popular, but the marquise takes the lead at present. The hoop or gypsy ring has long been the favorite among Englishwomen, and their American sisters are adopting it. Sometimes as many as four of these rings adorn one slender finger. The usual combination, however, is a sapphire, a diamond, and a ruby, or for young girls the choice is a pearl and a turquoise.

Recently there has been a craze for so-called "pinkie" rings for the little finger. Every woman who has any pretension to fashion in jewelry wears one or more of them. "Friendship" rings are popular, because they may be presented with propriety by a young man to a young woman without any reference to an engagement between them. Seal rings, so much in vogue a few years back, are not worn nowadays by those who follow the decrees of style. Neither are bangle rings any longer worn, except by schoolgirls.

In the fancy jewels there are the spinel, cat's-eye and pearls, some of the latter weighing ninety grains. We have seen for several brides pearl necklaces, with strings holding seventy pearls, each one worth from fifty to a hundred dollars.—N. Y. Herald.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The late king of Wurtemburg was very stout, as was his grandfather, the first king of the Wurtemburg family, who had so great a girth at the waistcoat that he could not reach his plate when at dinner.

—Sir Edwin Arnold says he has written 8,000 editorial leaders, each of them averaging over half a column in length. He enjoys editorial work greatly, and is never happier, he says, than when pegging away with a pen. He always smokes a pipe when writing.

—A noted character in the Sac and Fox nation in Nebraska is George E. Gormelo, who for twenty years has been an interpreter in the employ of the government. He speaks fourteen Indian dialects, and, though now seventy years old and blind, has not outlived his usefulness.

—A committee has been formed in Rome of which Signor Cavalotti, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Gladstone, Signor Amici, Signor Bonghi and Signor Menotti Garibaldi are members, for the purpose of erecting a monument to Percy Shelley, the English poet who was drowned in 1823.

—Emperor Wilhelm was very anxious to know, while visiting a certain corps, whether the officers had any nicknames for him. After being pressed, one of the young men modestly replied that because of the emperor's great enthusiasm about naval matters they usually alluded to him as "Gondola Willie."

—The countess of Aberdeen, it is said, edits a monthly magazine entitled Onward and Upward, of which her husband is sub-editor and publisher. It is conducted in the interest of working-girls, and is already a financial success. Their little nine-year-old daughter also edits and her father publishes a little monthly magazine entitled Wee Willie Winkie.

—A strange figure on the streets of Washington is that of Josephine J. Jarocki, a Polish countess and a grand niece of Count Pulaski, of revolutionary fame. She is described as a "human dried apple," poor to indigence and shabbily dressed, and she is about fifty years old. For twenty-five years she has been fighting for a fortune left by Count Pulaski.

—The growth of periodical literature in France is shown by the following figures: In 1880 only 2,075 periodicals were published in that country, while in 1890 the number had increased to 5,011. Of the latter number 499 were conservative, 1,164 republican and 3,448 pursued no political tendency. Paris had 499 conservative and 1,164 republican publications.

—A writer in the London "Globe" states that Mr. Andrew Lang, in the course of his researches into the material for a new edition and new notes to the Waverly Novels, is learning very highly to appreciate the thoroughness with which Scott's biographer did his work. "Every possible source of information is being thrown open to him, but no sooner does he make what at first seems a find than he discovers that it was 'worked in by Lockhart.'"

HUMOROUS.

—Martyr—"What is the tune you are whistling?" Whistler—"That's what I am trying to find out."

—"John, dear, I found ten dollars in your old coat, this morning." "Good, my dear—good. You may have half of it." "Thanks, dear. Now I only owe you five."

—Wagg—"Smith, the baker, is a very scholary person." Quigley—"Why so?" Wagg—"He has a sign over his pie counter: 'Such stuff as dreams are made of.'"—Harper's Bazar.

—Mrs. Kawler—"So your son is a doctor! Has he been in the business long?" Mrs. Backlotte—"Oh, yes, he must have been, for he wrote that he is a veterinary at it."—Boston News.

—She doesn't tell ma, either.
He tells her how wicked he used to be,
Till she shudders and softly cries "La!"
But never, not ever, no, never does he
Tell any such yarns to her ma.
—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Mr. Van Arndt is a remarkable man. Actually, he can't dance!" "Nothing remarkable about that. Lots of fellows can't dance." "Yes; but Mr. Arndt knowns he can't and never even tries."—Truth.

—Might Be Worse.—Gussie—"Don't you think 'The Man Without a Country' is just as sad as it can be?" Tessie—"Ye-es, it's very sad indeed. But I think the country without a man would be a good deal sadder, don't you?"—Boston Post.

—Tom De Witt—"Vassar can not take the same rank among the colleges as Yale or Harvard." Kitty Winslow—"Why not?" Tom De Witt—"Well, for one thing, she never publishes in the newspapers the name of her oldest living graduate."—Kate Field's Washington.

—Brown—"Do you believe there's such a thing in married life as perfect love? A case where both are of the same mind?" Fogg—"Oh, yes; there are the Googleys, for instance. She thinks there never was a man in the world like her husband, and so does he."—Boston Transcript.

—Sappy—"I say, Chappy, I've wather got the ideah that I nevah could be an actah, dontcher know?" Chappy—"What's the weason, deah boy?" Sappy—"Why, old fellah, dontcher see, there's a wule I've wead someweah that weads, 'think twice befoah you act.' That would wuin me; it's more than a fellah can do now to think wonth, and I should just expiah if I had to think twice, ba jove."—Boston Courier.

—Good Cause for Complaint.—Maj. Murgatroyd—"No, sir; I do not like the newspaper of to-day! Let me give you an illustration. Last week I met a reporter of the Moon—casually, you understand—and told him—casually—a good story about Judge Bungstarter's visit to my house and the time we had. Made him promise he wouldn't publish it. See?" —Pompano—"Yes. He promised?" Maj. M.—"He did. Then what do you suppose?" Pompano (wearily)—"D' no." Maj. M. (savagely)—"He didn't publish it. Not a line, sir; not a line!"—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

WORK FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED.

Gives the Wives and Mothers With Little Ones to Support Lucrative Employment.

One has only to scan the advertisements for "female help" in our great dailies to get at a clear and comprehensive understanding of the main difficulty which stands like a lion in the path to oppose all women who are no longer young in obtaining work at a fair compensation. To meet the requirements of the ordinary advertiser, the applicant must be "young and prepossessing," or "a refined young lady of pleasing address," or "a girl between ages of eighteen and twenty," etc.

The average business man, merchant or lawyer, demands that his female help shall be attractive; and to be so, in the judgment of the representative biped male, youth is absolutely essential.

Now, why does this state of things exist? If thoroughly conscientious work was the ultimate aim, the chances are that the woman of experience would fill the bill more acceptably; but alas for poor human nature! The excellence of the work has nothing to do with it. The type-writer, book-keeper or cashier must be ornamental. Most men prefer a pretty face to good work on general principles; and, if æsthetic in their tastes, have a refined and most pardonable (?) horror of a plain face old or young.

Then the woman who desires work, in nine cases out of ten, has a family to support; has been left without resources by an improvident husband, and has added to her heavy burden of grief a struggle for the existence and maintenance of her little ones. Or perhaps the failing powers and invalidism of husband and father have forced her into the working throng. The middle-aged women who work, outside of this forlorn class of widows and wives, are spinsters who commenced as teachers or clerks in the heyday of their youth, and have held their own by undoubted merit and energy. Indeed, we find our middle-aged spinsters occupying the best places as teachers. It is a case of the survival of the fittest, for the incompetent teachers of fifteen or twenty years ago have long since either married or gone into dress-making, millinery, etc., where they have either gained "woman's wisdom" in becoming mothers, or sunk into the ruts of the common-place.

Let us look to the wives and widows who are seeking work at the present time. It is not for themselves alone, but for others. They apply for a position, and are offered a paltry wage, totally inadequate to their needs, and, if they demur, are met with the answer: "Oh, well, we can't afford to pay any more. There are dozens of young ladies willing and anxious to work for this sum." They must accept this pittance; or go again upon their weary search for remunerative employment.

The "wisdom" which "the bearing and the training of a child" has brought them, does not avail them here, in this new struggle for life, though it supplies courage and perseverance. They must enter the list against the inexperience of youth. They can not avail themselves of the opportunities which are afforded young girls of becoming apprentices, etc. for they must earn a living. They must grope their way blindly; or, if possessed of rare intelligence and natural aptitude, must see the palm borne away from them by inferior beings possessing the all-conquering attributes of youth and beauty. This is wholly unjust. Youth and beauty are sure to win in the matrimonial lists; it is right and proper they should do so. They are usually only waiting for the contest. They are physically better able to cope with grim necessity; and as they have only themselves to care for, their needs are not so great. Give the grief-stricken widow and troubled wife a chance; the young and lovely maiden can look out for herself, so to speak.

There ought to be some other work than canvassing offered to the self-respecting and industriously inclined middle-aged woman. Let women of wealth and noble-minded charity meet these needs by a broad philanthropy worthy of such a course. Woman's best friend should be woman. With capital and brains, let women go into business, become merchants, bankers, lawyers, dealers, manufacturers. There will be a demand for the experienced, the skillful, the intelligent workers. Young and old, pretty and plain, all may have an equal opportunity. Let evening schools be provided for middle-aged women, widows, wives and spinsters, free or not as may be determined upon. A nominal fee, to cover expenses of light and heat, to maintain that independence which is vital in all true charity, may be charged each student. Let telegraphy, short-hand, book-keeping, penmanship, mathematics, dress-making, engraving, typesetting, etc., be taught, and let the course be thoroughly elective. Instructors may be volunteers from the more favored classes, or salaried women whose education and attainments have already fitted them for the work.—Woman's Journal.

POULTRY RAISING.

It Is a Profitable Pursuit for Women if Properly Managed—Some Advice.

One of the largest poultry farms in the vicinity of New York city is managed by two young women, who, only three years ago, were pupils in Dr. West's seminary for young women, on the Heights in Brooklyn. The farm is located near Baldwin's, Long Island.

"Our business venture," said one of these young women, "was brought about in a purely accidental manner. An acquaintance of ours has been reading in some newspapers about poultry-raising as a business for women, and laughingly told us that we ought to go into the business and make some money.

"The remark was only made in a jesting spirit, but we began to talk the matter over between ourselves, and finally decided to make a venture. A relative of my friend's bought a farm for us on Long Island about twenty miles from the city, within easy reach of the market for our produce.

"We have been established about two years and a half. Our farm consists of sixteen acres. Our chicken house is 216 feet long, and we have a smaller building for brooding purposes. We started with about fifty hens, now we have hundreds, and we have raised thousands of ducks.

"We had both been born and raised in town, and never had seen the country, except on the short vacations city people take during the summer. We knew nothing about the poultry business when we started.

"We did not even have book knowledge on the subject. We made up our minds to succeed, and we have succeeded. At the same time, though there is a good living in the business.

"We never advise women to follow our example, because where one might succeed a dozen might fail. We constantly receive letters from woman asking our advice on this subject.

"School teachers want to abandon their nerve-wearing vocation, widows and spinsters with a little capital think they see in the chicken business an easy road to fortune.

"It is only fair, for the benefit of this class of inquirers and hundreds of other women whose thoughts are turned to this branch of woman's work, to give them some idea of what the labor connected with the business really is.

"First of all, no woman should dream of entering this business unless she is possessed of a strong constitution. This is a species of work which requires the most robust health.

"It is preposterous to think that semi-invalids could ever be successful in poultry business; I mean, of course, if they are carrying on the business for the purpose of making money. Then, again, you must have enough capital to make a fair start or you will fail.

"A young woman wrote to us from Connecticut the other day, saying that she had $400, and thought of going into the business; we advised her not to do it. She could not carry on the business alone; it takes two to attend to the work, and sometimes, literally, we have to work day and night.

"For instance, we only pick and prepare our chickens to order. Friday is our busiest day, for customers—restaurant, boarding-house and hotel keepers—are preparing for Saturday and Sunday.

"On Friday night, when we have finished a big day's work, we may receive by telegraph three or four orders to be filled at once. That means that the chickens are to be sent by the early morning express. The consequence is that we are obliged to sit up all night to pick the chickens, for all the fowl are sent dry, hand-picked.

"Some one asks: 'Why don't you employ help?'

"Because the help, nine times out of ten, would not do the work properly; it is very difficult to get that kind of assistance when you are most in need of it, and it would eat up too much of the profits to keep pickers on hand all the time, because they would not be constantly employed.

"Amateurs think it is easy to find customers for their fine poultry, and any other kind it certainly would not pay a woman to raise. If you send to middlemen—jobbers—they take all the profits.

"In the large hotels the chief purchases all such food from the produce dealers. Those who raise spring broilers or pecan ducks are obliged to charge a good price for them to cover expenses and yield a fair profit on the labor. We found, at the outset, that butchers could not afford to pay our prices, and we soon learned that all the very rich were the hardest of all to secure as patrons.

"The truth is, after you have got the poultry to sell, it requires a great deal of hard work and enterprise. No woman must think that simply because she can raise fine poultry she will find at once a profitable market for the same. Of course she will find a demand for good fowl, but she must receive fair prices or she can not conduct the business profitably.

"Amateur poultry raisers generally fail because they go into the business too extensively, and, in their employment of help, all the profits are eaten up."—Boston Globe.

NOTES OF PROGRESS.

THREE hospitals in Philadelphia are managed exclusively by women for the treatment of women's diseases.

NEW YORK has two very successful women jewelers. Both have thoroughly mastered the craft in all its branches.

MISS CATHARINE WEED BARNES, a granddaughter of the late Thurlow Weed, is said to be the best amateur photographer in America.

DR. ANNA EPSTEIN, a Russian woman, has been appointed the official city physician by the council of Pozarevatz, in Servia, so far as known she is the first woman so honored in Europe.

WOMEN'S progress in Sweden is shown by the fact that there are eighteen young women studying at the University of Upsola, and almost as many at Lund and at the Stockholm Carolinske Institute.

AMERICA to-day possesses over one thousand women physicians and nearly one hundred ordained women ministers. Fifty-six of the sex became lawyers as early as 1882, and the number has greatly increased since then.

THE ladies of the American colony in France have opened an exchange for women's work on the plan of the exchanges in this country. American pies, cakes, etc., are furnished, a circulating library has been established, and once a week musical matinees are given by celebrated artists.

MARY RIGGS and Julia Bedinger, two Kentucky girls, lately graduated from the Cincinnati (O.) Technical school, where they took the course of engineering and carpenter work, became experts with carpenter's tools, and familiar with the use and manipulation of steam machinery, have been offered work on the Woman's Building of the Columbian exposition.